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Englands GRATULATION ON

The Landing of Charles the

Second, by the grace of God, King of England,
Scotland, France, and Ireland at Dover, and
his advance from thence to the City of Lon-
don, May the 29. being His Birth Day.

Attended with all the ancient Nobility and Gentry
of this nation, and a great part of the army commanded
by his Excellency the Lord Generall M O N K, His
magnificent entertainment in the City of Lon-
don, by the Right Honourable the Lord
Mayor and his Brethren, and the great
preparation for his Coronation,
which wil be more ful of state
and triumph then ever King
of England had before.



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Englands Gratulation on the landing of Charles the Second, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.



NTUESDAY MAY the 29. His Majesty made his Entrance into the City of London: and it is very remarkable that Tuesdays are (with some Rubrick at least) to be observed in our Almanacks. It was on a Tuesday that my late Lord King Charles Father to this present King, was beheaded. It was on a Tuesday that this King was born. It was on a Tuesday that he received the intelligence at Brussells, that a way was made for his inauguration in England. It was on a Tuesday that he came from Brussells to Breda. It was on a Tuesday he was Proclaimed King. And it was on a Tuesday that he came into London. The manner and gallant Equipage whereof is the present subject of this discourse.

The King on Monday having bin most Honourably received by the most Illustrious the Lady Mary, Countesse Dowager of Richmond, did on Tuesday prepare himselfe himselfe for London: he had before at his first Landing bin nobly entertain'd by the Mayors of Dover and Canterbury, where finding with what a flame of Love and Duty he was expect'd and atteneded, He made more hast to his City of London: there was never seen a more gallant train of the Nobility and Gentry of England then at this present, and every one striving to exceed another at much in loyalty, as in Gallantry, the wayes on both fides were

were hedged with people, and the trees were filled with them to behold his Majestie as he passed by, the shouts and acclamations were loud, and universal. Comming to Dartfort there were a hundred maides arrayed all in white, who strowed the way with Lillies and Roses before him, which sweet ceremonies were continued by these untill he came to his pallace at White-hall, the streets as he passed all along were railed in : It was Ordered that no Muskets should be discharged, to the end that the Traytors (if any should be so barbarous as to make a desperate shot) might more readily be discovered ; but had the Muskets of the City and the Army made never so many Volleys, the shouts and the Acclamations of the many thousands that perpetually cryed God save the King, were so loud, that they would even have deafned the noyse of the Guns: the King was on Horse-back in a sad colourd Suit, and a Red Feather round about his Hat : On the right hand of him rode the Duke of Yorke, and on the left hand the Duke of Gloucester : a little before him rode his Excellence the Lord Generall Monk bare-headed, and the Marquesse of Newcastle, Master of the Horse, and a little before them were the Lord Mayor, and his Brethren the Aldermen, and many other Citizens most richly habited, and behind them rode bare-headed my Lord Viscount Mordant, my Lord the Earle of Northampton, the Earle of Norsham-berland, and my Lord Jocelin his Son, and a numerous and glorious company of the Nobility and Gentry. In this stately Equipage he came to Whitehall about sixe of the Clock in the evening, where *Long may he live to Reigne over us*, and letall the people say *Amen.*

England,

(3)

Englands Gratulation.

A ssist me all the Nine, helpe me to sing
The glorious praises of great *Charls* our King,
whom heaven hath try'd and brought out of the fire
And layd him low to raise him up the higher
That to the wondring world he is become
The Grace and Glory of all Christendome,
'Tis he repaires our Breaches, and restores
Our Land to saftey, and doth heale our seales,
'Tis he that strokes our griefs, and wipes our eyes,
Sets us in order and doth make us wise.
For ne'r was Nation so before misled,
To Court the Tayle and make the Rump their head?
No more wee now shall rayle at Noble Blood,
No more shall rich men for their little good
Be lookt upon as guilty, nor vile spyes
Enjoy the lust of their so murding eyes.
Men shall put off their Iron hands and hearts,
The times forget their old malitious arts,
With this new minute, and no print remain
Of what was thought the former ages stain,
where are our Saints now that would fain be known,
To have no other holiday but their own,
Where are our cruell *Régitids*, and all
The pertulent Crew wee *Anabaptists* call.

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VVhose

Whose wild Religion and whose zeale doth border
On Faction, Ruine, Falshood and disorder.
Whose Gospell speaks, *It is too hard a thing*
At once, to fear God, and obey the King,
And from their Bibles doe expunge that text
As too obliging, or too much perplext.
Behold the hour's at hand that shall declare
What men of conscience, and what Saints they are
That still pursue [Oh most unhumane wrongs)
The Lords Anoynted with their threatening tongus,
As if the Father slain, they had not done
Enough, unlesse they massacred the sonne:
This to prevent, the King himselfe drawes nigh;
Full of his cause, his eye with Majesty,
His brow with thunders arm'd, and on each hand,
The youth of Heaven iu files unnumbred stand.
His glorious guard, for the world be't known,
That heaven is pleased to make this cause his own,
For who the King affront the like would do
To thi' King of Kings, could they come at him toos
And as the Sun when his absented light,
Approacheth neerer, day doth smile outright,
And the thick Vapours of the night do fly,
In guilty tumults from his searching eyes,
So now the King in person hath begun,
To shewhimself like the Meridian sun,
To thine in all his glories, aud dispence,
Throughout his Isle his powerful influences
The clouds of bold Rebellion, the falfe light,
Of falser zeal, and meteors of the nights
The fallen Vapours, and the mists that made

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A great confusſion in so great a ſha de
 Shall waſt before him, as he comes our ſta tes,
 Extreams to tem per, for it pleaſed the fat es,
 Though others labou red in the work yet none,
 Should heal our grieſes but who our hearts do owa;
 Nor ſhall this Iſle regaine her antient worth,
 But by that mona ch which this Iſle brought forth.
 And fame no ſooner to our ears did bring,
 The joyful ſtory of the landed King,
 But all the Lords and Gentry of the land,
 Made haſt to waite upon his high command,
 So full their trayn, ſo gallant their array,
 As if their ſplendour would ou rſtaine the day,
 There was the Noble General, with whom
 The beſt of all his men of armes did come,
 And many able Citizens were ſent,
 To make the show ſeem mo e magnificent,
 Who all ſo ſoon as they the King diſplaied,
 Who can imagin what a ſhoot they made?
 The glitering of their cloa ths out vy'd the ſuns,
 Hats in the Ayre flew up; Guns roard to Guns,
 & trumpets deafned trumpets, ~~who'd have thought~~
 These ere in arms 'gainſt each other had fought?
 Th' outlandiſhmen that markd it, and stood by,
 In our behalf all out aloud did cry,
 Was never Nation now more bleſt then wee,
 Nor ever mona ch more admir'd then he,
 Environd thus, and come to the Cities gate,
 He was received in all high pom p and State,
 By the Lord Mayor and his brethren who,

VVere

Were proudly glad their Noble Prince to view,
How great will be our growing joyes we may,
Presume will crown his Coronation day
Which to his matchless merit will be more,
Then ever King of Evgland had before,
At which since heaven & earth with shouts do ring
Let altogether saye God save the King.

FINIS.
